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VOL. XXXIV

----- *THE* -----

NO. 8

PARISH VISITOR

Our Lady of Fatima
Number



THE DIVINE VISITATION
Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock

October, 1958

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THE PARISH VISITOR
October, 1958

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THE PARISH VISITOR

The Official Organ of
THE PARISH VISITORS
of
MARY IMMACULATE

A Religious Community of Home Missionary Sisters
and Catechists

Our Lady of Fatima
Number

OCTOBER, 1958



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Address Box 535, Monroe, New York



To

*Our Lady of Fatima,
Queen of Peace,*

who has promised to bring peace

to the world if we pray

the Rosary and offer the sacrifice

of daily duty, for the conversion

of sinners, this October issue

is dedicated.



Sister Mary Loyola Cooney, of Chicago, gathers some lambs for Released Time classes.

Gathering the Lambs



Sister Mary Alodia tries to catch some parents of public school children, at home.

Autumn is a busy time for the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. In addition to their regular visitation to families, they try to contact the public school children they have met during the year, to make sure Released Time cards are signed, in time for the first Confraternity of Christian Doctrine weekly Religion Class, beginning in October. This will insure the Catholic child attending public school at least a minimum of knowledge about God, the Church, and himself, as well as his own rights, and his duties to both.



Sister Mary Avita pauses in her explanation of the Rosary, to answer the questions of some of the lambs she hopes to gather, for Confraternity classes.



Sister Mary Laurian interviews little family in a small town in Pennsylvania . . .

Lambs Are Where



. . . while Sister Mary Benedict signs up an eager youngster, outside a "walk-in" apartment in a large city.

Sister Mary Matilde helps a young mother decide to send her child to Released Time class, by showing her one of the attractive picture books used in teaching Religion to small children. Far from being the old-time question-and-answer session it used to be, the Confraternity Religion class now makes liberal use of visual aids, story-telling, and other teaching devices aimed at helping the pupil to understand and love the truths he finds in his Catechism.

You Find Them



From the time the child enters a pre-First-Communion class until he graduates from high school, he attends Religion classes carefully scaled to his understanding, and geared to cover all the major truths of religion several times, in proportion to his growing experience and capacity to learn. Although limited, in most cases, to one pitifully short half-hour a week, (some of which must be expended in roll-call, etc.) and in no way an adequate substitute for the thorough training in Religion obtainable in Catholic schools, nevertheless, Confraternity classes must provide the Catholic training of nearly half of our Catholic children.

The swift rise in population has not seen a proportionate rise in Catholic school facilities and teaching vocations, so, willy-nilly, many Catholic children must attend public schools. That is why the Parish Visitor missionaries spend every energy, throughout the year, but especially before Confraternity classes begin in Autumn, to see that every Catholic child attending public school attends also the Released Time classes.



Sister has two very enthusiastic prospects, pre-viewing coming attractions.



An outing at the end of the year helps to keep the children interested, and is well-deserved by these city youngsters, for whom even a park picnic is a treat.

Sister Mary Regina stops to check on a class given to public school children by a teenage Catholic high school boy, trained as a Confraternity teacher.



FINDING THE WAY

By Ellin Craven Learned

Editor's Note: This is the story of a personal spiritual friendship with Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val, holy Secretary of State to Saint Pius X. It was first published in book form by the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate in 1940, under the Imprimatur of Francis Cardinal Spellman. In compliance with requests, since the cause of Cardinal Merry del Val's beatification has been opened, we shall reprint the story in monthly installments.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

These pages contain extracts from my journal which was written during five consecutive visits in Rome, as a record of personal experiences, happy days and scenes, and of a spiritual friendship which brought me to the true Faith.

The endeavor is to spread a more extensive comprehension in America of certain prominent characteristics possessed by Cardinal Merry del Val, and to increase devotion to him and perpetuate his memory.

INTRODUCTION

By the Reverend Martin J. Scott, S.J.

With the exception of the Supreme Pontiff, one of the most outstanding persons of the ecclesiastical world in the first quarter of the twentieth century was Cardinal Merry del Val. Even before his election to the Cardinalate, he was a distinguished figure in the government of the Church. As Apostolic Delegate to Canada, in collaboration with Prime Minister Laurier, he settled the bilingual school question and established the Apostolic Delegation at Ottawa. At the conclave which elected Pius X, Cardinal Merry del Val was the Secretary and the one

designated to inform the Prelate of his election to the Supreme Pontificate. Shortly afterwards Pius X designated him Secretary of State, and in that capacity he was the intimate and faithful collaborator of the Holy Father, to the end of his pontificate.

As man and prelate few dignitaries of the Church during the early part of this century have left such an impression of culture, holiness and statesmanship as Cardinal Merry del Val.

Although one of the most scholarly and aristocratic prelates of the Church, he devoted a great part of his time and efforts to social work among the poor and unfortunate.

His special trait, however, was his extraordinary zeal in making the Church known as the Light of the World. Through his efforts many persons from every walk of life embraced the Faith proclaimed by the Church of which Peter's successor is the visible head.

Among those was one of our own country, the author of this biography, who presents an intimate portrait of this noble and humble man and distinguished prelate of the Church, which he devotedly served from early youth to the end of his years.

CHAPTER I THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY

In the middle of the journey of life I came to a dark wood where the straight way was lost. But, after I had reached the foot of a hill—where the valley ended—I looked up and saw its shoulders clothed with the rays of the Planet that leads men straight on every road.—Dante.

“Rome, the city of my dreams, what a joy it is to be here!” This was my exclamation on looking out of my window on the morning of my arrival. The serene and cloudless sky seemed to send messages of promises to be fulfilled.

For a long time the words from Dante, quoted at the opening of this story, had been in my mind. I had written them in notebooks and knew them by heart. They suggested vividly the way from darkness to light, and proved to be a leading toward a supernatural guidance which I followed almost unconsciously, but with perfect confidence.

I must glance back. In years past I had been in European countries with my husband, but not in Italy, where we hoped to go together, at some time, but that was not to be. He had passed away from this life, and I had been alone for a number of years, when, imbued with the venturesome spirit and love for the sea, inherited from naval ancestors, I started on a voyage to Italy, with Rome as my special objective, and sailed from New York in the early spring. I took with me three letters

of introduction to persons in Rome, where I had but one friend. Arrangements for traveling were easily made through an excellent office. Representatives would meet me in Naples and Rome. A friend had given me addresses of hotels, to which I had written, well in advance. I was fortunate in finding two friends on the ship.

The voyage was a cruise. We stopped at Madeira, Gibralter, Algiers, and Monaco for shore excursions. We arrived at Naples at night and anchored. The city was brilliantly lighted. My chief pleasure on the voyage was to go out on deck at night to look at my favorite constellation, Orion, blazing in the heavens, preceded by the lovely group of Pleiades, then the red star, Aldebaran, known as the sailors' star, then Betelgeux, the belt, the sword, and Rigel, and following in the splendid train, the great star, or sun, Sirius. Truly, "the heavens show forth the glory of God."

In the morning when approaching Naples, the bay was bewildering in loveliness of form and color. Vesuvius was a threatening mountain pouring out volumes of white and yellow smoke from its fiery furnace, as if ready to burst forth in destruction at any moment. I am told that the volcano roars and rumbles for eight days before an eruption.

Soon after landing and getting settled at my hotel, I went to the agency, not far away, to arrange to go to Pompeii, and was given a courier of many years' service. The expedition was by motor to the station, thence by train. Pompeii was thoroughly explored. I felt it the duty of a traveler to see it. The visit was worthwhile, even for one who is not an archeologist.

Some English people at the hotel in Naples urged me not to miss Sorrento and that enchanting drive, and declared, "That is Italy!", but my Italy was full of more alluring interests. I longed to get to Rome.

Again I must glance back. Brought up as I had been in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, as the Book of Common Prayer has expressed it, I had accepted its doctrine as a matter of course. As a child I heard discussions in the family in regard to what Protestants considered the fallacies of transubstantiation, infallibility, and other beliefs in the Catholic Church, and that the "Romau" Church had "added to the Faith." The Episcopal Church was said to be a branch of the Catholic Church and without the errors.

When visiting England, in years past, I did not realize that the great cathedrals, built by Catholics, had been unjustly taken from them centuries ago, as I had understood that the abuses in the Catholic Church had obliged England to cast out Catholics and institute the Reformation.

As the years went on I became an Anglican of the High Church party (so-called Anglo-Catholic) and an associate of the Community of St. Mary, at Peekskill, New York, where I went frequently for the June retreats of three days. The meditations, by Anglican clergymen, were on subjects belonging to the Catholic Church. My reading during these years was chiefly from devotional books written by Anglicans. The teachings were drawn from Catholic doctrines.

With every effort to believe that the Anglicans had "restored" the Faith, I could never feel that there was any reality in their Holy Communion, and thought the fault must be within myself.

It was surprisingly fortunate, and proved to be providential, that a Catholic friend, who had never tried to influence me, and did not know of my intention to sail for Italy, and had not been to see me for a very long time, came unexpectedly one afternoon, a few days before I was to leave home. I mentioned a wish to know how to get a place in St. Peter's for Palm Sunday. This friend asked the Reverend Walter G. Moran, O.P., Prior of the Dominicans, in New York, for a letter to the Reverend F. G. Horn, O.P., who was then Prior of the Dominicans in Rome.

A few days after arriving, I drove to the Collegio Pontificio Internazionale Angelico. When stepping out of the taxi, I saw a Dominican coming from the college, and said to him, "I have a letter for Father Horn." To my surprise, he replied, "I am Father Horn."

This was a happy coincidence. He asked me to come in for a little talk. From that time he proved to be a most kind friend to whom I could turn for advice. He sent me tickets which gave admittance to a ceremony consisting of the reading of a Decree for Beatification in the presence of the Holy Father. He also sent tickets for places in a Tribuna in St. Peter's for Holy Week and Easter, and later arranged for an audience for me.

It had never been my habit to keep a journal, but I began to do so from the time of my arrival in Rome.

On Maundy Thursday, 1926, in St. Peter's, the deep impressions were made which were to bring blessings to my life. When Cardinal Merry del Val was vesting for Mass, an inner voice told me, "There is the person who can help you." I observed his reverent, recollected manner, absorbed in his devotions. When the vesting was completed he sat there with utmost dignity, in his superb vestments and miter, his hands resting quietly on his knees as if no movement should mar his thoughts and prayers in preparation for Mass.

(To be continued)



They are praying for you!

Many times a day, these Sisters kneel before God to intercede for a suffering world. You will be remembered as long as their hands fold in prayer.

“Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy Name’s sake,
to reward with eternal life, all those
who do us good. Amen.”

The Sisters’ legal title, for bequests, is: Parish
Visitors of Mary Immaculate, Inc., Marycrest Convent,
Monroe, New York.

SAINT IN OVERALLS

By Sister Mary Sylvia, P.V.M.I.

THE little dark woman was waving at me, the Sister, as she laboriously climbed the hill toward the bus stop where I was waiting. "My hubby wants to see you," she called from a little distance, and as she came nearer, she added, "He did it, just like you said."

What he did and what I said would need a little refreshing in my memory so I was grateful when the woman went on. "I sent for the prayers to St. Matthew and now he doesn't drink any more."

"St. Matthew? Oh, you mean Matt Talbott. Suppose I come over and see you on Saturday. Your husband will be home then, won't he?"

When I arrived, paint cans and benzine bottle were pushed aside ceremoniously. The little woman was still beaming. "See, Sister, first I get the place painted, and then I will get my own home. It's a pledge gift from my husband."

I could hardly wait to hear what had happened. The husband's very appearance spoke for itself. Taking the medal which I offered him with a few words of congratulation, he said, "Well, Sister, I'm off the stuff for good. Matt Talbott fixed it so I can't touch it if I value my life, the doctor says."

He walked away and came back with the drawings of his new home; this man was known to many as a talented architect and builder. To his sons, he had seemed an ogre. Only his wife had remained loyal.

I looked at the drawings admiringly. "It's going to be beautiful, and when it's ready, I'll ask Father to consecrate it to the Sacred Heart."

"Well, one thing we're taking is this," and the happy little wife held up her well-worn leaflet on Matt Talbott, the saintly Irish laborer who built his holiness after overcoming alcoholism. As I was leaving, I received instructions to tell other afflicted people about how her life had been changed from one of fear and misery to one of peace and happiness in a family that now prays and stays together. There are no more fervent devotees of Matt Talbott than this family, who call him, incorrectly (because his cause for beatification is just started) but lovingly, "the saint in overalls."

Dear
to her
Heart



These happy
rural censu
too, and the
make them



mountain children gave Sister a royal welcome when she visited their home on the mountain. Such hearts as these give royal welcome to the message of Our Lady of Fatima, and a response, in the family Rosary, and many little daily sacrifices, will save souls and give glory to Mary's Immaculate Heart.

THE KNOW-NOTS

By Sister Mary Cepha, P.V.M.I.

ON her way up the street, Sister glanced at her list of "Know-Nots". They are the first-graders who do not attend Released Time instructions because they "know not" whether they are Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. Sister knew that a visit to their homes would solve the problem.

Several of the "Know-Nots" lived on Elm Lane, somewhere nearby, but Sister could not locate it. She turned at a child's call of, "Hi, Sister!" to see a fifth-grader, Andrew, running toward her. "Sister, my mother's sick in bed and she wants you to stop at our house for a minute."

Sister's minutes were precious this afternoon, but she turned at once to follow the boy. "Sister, I can't do much since I'm home from the Hospital, but I pray for those that need help," said the mother, pulling her rosary from under the pillow to show Sister. Sister thought of the little "Know-Nots" who needed prayers and visits, and begged to be excused. Did they know where Elm Lane was? Oh, yes. Andrew would take her right over to it.

Under the boy's expert guidance, Sister reached the back road. Tucked in among the trees were plumbing-less shacks of all descriptions. Andrew obediently kept at a reasonable distance while Sister talked to the families. Three of the little "Know-Nots" were non-Catholic, but one mother asked if her Reggie could stay for instructions. "It won't do him no harm," she concluded. At a Catholic home, the non-Catholic grandmother accepted a specially prepared picture of the Immaculate Heart, and promised to talk to her Catholic daughter-in-law about the children's instructions.

Sister thought of the gratitude Tobias must have felt for the Angel Raphael, as Andrew found shortcuts and hidden paths, and shooed off barking dogs for her. Andrew pointed out the home of another child. A little more pretentious than the rest, it was a two-story house on the edge of the wood. "No," said the woman, "we're not Catholics. Matter of fact, we don't get to any church. It'd be a help if you let Susie stay for your class, so she gets some religion. The folks upstairs is Catholics. Be sure you go up."

It was getting late in the afternoon, but Sister rang the bell. Upstairs, the young woman told with embarrassment of her non-Catholic marriage and her failure to have the three children baptized. She was eager to follow Sister's advice. Sister hurried off toward the Convent, led by the gallant Andrew, and reflecting that, had it not been for a little "Know-Not", she might never have met that repentent soul.

THE LION TRAINER

By Sister Mary Fausta, P.V.M.I.

“LADIES and gentlemen! Sit right up and see the biggest, littlest circus that ever entered your parlor!" shouted the man on television.

That did it. Junior and his little brother started running me strong competition. I had just arrived at the point where I was telling their mother about the necessity of Catholic marriage when the children decided to play Leo and the Trainer. Jerry, aged 5, was Leo. While his brother snapped his imaginary whip, they both filled the room with most un-lion-like shouts of, "Look, Mom!"

I handed the mother a Green Scapular of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and she thanked me for coming, and promised to see the parish priest about the marriage problem. By this time, Leo and his trainer were simultaneously jumping into a tub of water. I must add that it, too, was imaginary.

I wondered a little as I walked down the street if the family would ever remember that a Sister had called on them at all. I asked Our Blessed Mother to take care of the whole affair, and she certainly did.

It was about six months later that Father said, "Sister, did I ever tell you that a family called on me—you'll remember them, a pair of boys, Junior and Jerry. Well, I baptized the two boys, and the big fellow has been coming to our school—receives his First Communion soon. The parents took a refresher course in religion and the marriage will be fixed up, this month.

Did I remember them? Would I ever forget the "biggest, littlest circus that ever entered your parlor"?

Sister and I made a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, so it was in the church where Leo and his trainer were baptized that I first had an opportunity to thank Our Lady for taking care of the whole affair.

ROSE FROM THERESE

By Sister Mary Teresita, P.V.M.I.



IF Saint Therese of Lisieux had not walked down Main Street last Tuesday, I would not have gotten into that second-floor apartment for a good long time, I am sure. The middle-aged woman had answered the door and I had just gotten as far as, "Are there any Catholics living here?" when the expression on her face became sullen and angry.

She had to control herself to prevent a real outburst of temper, and when she did speak, the words were bitter. She had had some bad experiences with Catholics back in France, and she did not ever want to be a Catholic again! I held on to that last word, "again" and determined to make friends. That was where Therese came to my aid.

The man of the house, who had been sitting on the open porch adjoining their apartment, called through the screen door, to his wife, not knowing that I was there. "Elizabeth, come and look!" She went to the porch door, keeping a wary eye on me. There on the street, walking right past the house was a figure in a Carmelite habit and halo.

"C'est la Sainte Therese!" exclaimed the woman excitedly, betraying her former great devotion for that chosen servant of God.

I walked over to where the woman was standing, and she seemed to have forgotten her anger in her excitement over this phenomenon. She also seemed to expect me to have an explanation for it.

I did. "If you look closely, you'll see it isn't really Saint Therese, but just someone who looks like her."

Surc enough, they both saw the "loafers" flopping up and down under the "Carmelite habit." And with a typical teen-age gesture, the figure would adjust her halo every few steps to make sure it was on straight.

"The Junior Teen-age Sodality girls are having a Saintly Hallowe'en Party, and since each girl has to take the part of her Patron Saint, they're having a rehearsal this afternoon. That is Theresa Johnson. She apparently decided to wear her costume instead of carrying it down to the Church hall," I told them.

The ice was broken now, and the woman's eyes had that reminiscent look, so I asked her to tell me about the Feasts they had in France. They had been here only five years. She readily complied, her husband supplying the details she left out, and both seemed to get much satisfaction out of the telling.

When I came back to the question of the census, they hesitated again, but gave the information when I asked it as a favor to Saint Therese. Of course, those misunderstandings are not going to be cleared up in one day. Neither of them would promise to go to Mass or to return to the Sacraments. But at least we parted friends. My consolation is that Saint Therese has her eye on them, and she said, "I will spend my Heaven doing good upon earth."

**PARISH VISITORS OF MARY IMMACULATE
CONVENT ADDRESSES**

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NEW YORK

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755 Madison Avenue, Albany 8, N. Y.
146 Stanwix Street, Rome, N. Y.

ILLINOIS

526 West Deming Place, Chicago 14, Ill.

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PENNSYLVANIA

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844 Market St., Kingston, Pa.

CONNECTICUT

45 Alling Street, West Haven 16, Conn.

WISCONSIN

2004 West State St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

senior associates

Spirit of Service



A Brooklyn Associate gives private instructions.

With the Senior Associates of Brooklyn, New York, the key word is service, a peaceful, zealous, cheerful activity for God, in hundreds of ways. But into whatever channel their activity goes, it always goes smilingly, generously, as though they felt—and they do—that the privilege is theirs, to be allowed to help to save souls by working with the Sisters. They like to think of it as their "Thank you," for the constant prayers of the Community for themselves and their dear ones, and for the monthly treat of an afternoon in the peaceful atmosphere which they say they find in the Convent whenever they come.

The Brooklyn Associates are richer than they know, in being a part of the honest, fervent, well-instructed Catholic atmosphere of their "Borough of Homes." But it is that fervor which sparks their constant efforts to help others to love God as they do. As an example of this spirit of service take the case of the efficient secretary, retired by ill health, who takes entire

charge of typing and mailing notices of Associates' meetings, and of all office work connected with their benefits and other activities.

As though this were not enough, for it saves the Sisters many hours of work, the same good woman has recently instructed for First Holy Communion, in her own home, a boy unable to attend the parish school or group instruction classes. Such private instructions are a painstaking, time-consuming job, often requiring much ingenuity. A bit shy as to her qualifications at first, she has so won the heart of the youngster that he now includes her with his family, in his night prayers, and she is extremely proud of a prayer which he composed himself, to thank Our Lord for allowing him to be prepared for First Holy Communion.

The Brooklyn Associates have an annual custom of bringing to their December meeting, in honor of the Holy Family, toys, food and clothing, for the "wherewithal" to be placed in the Christmas baskets which the Sisters take to poor families they know. Last year, they provided, unknowingly, the direct answer to a small boy's prayer. The mother told Sister that a few days before Christmas, her small sons, 7 and 6, were sitting on the steps, watching a toy delivery to a neighbor. The older child said, "I guess we've been pretty bad, 'cause I haven't seen any toys around this year, have you?" Shortly after, and unknown to the children, the Associates' gifts of toys, food and clothing were brought to the family by the Sister. The night before Christmas, as they prepared for bed, Joseph, the older, and proud possessor of a Miraculous Medal and a deep devotion to Our Lady, said, "Let's pray to the Blessed Mother. Maybe she can fix it!" Sure enough, next morning, there were the toys!

So that is the story with the Brooklyn Associates—a spirit of selfless service and a gracious gratitude for the spiritual helps they receive as lay Associates of Sisters who work for the poor.

Our Lady's Mission Club



Susan

Sounds Off

Slide films on the Parish Visitor vocation are shown sometimes by Mission Clubbers.

"So Our Lady appeared to three children in Portugal, and said to say the Rosary. We've heard all that before. So what?" Juliette was a new girl in the Mission Club, and her remark was addressed to the girls themselves, since Sister had excused herself for a moment, to see about refreshments.

There was a brief, stunned silence, and then Susan recovered, with a bang. "So *what?*" she echoed, reaching for high C, "So we'd better get on the ball and do something about it—that's what! Unless you like the effects of hydrogen bombs and Commie governments!"

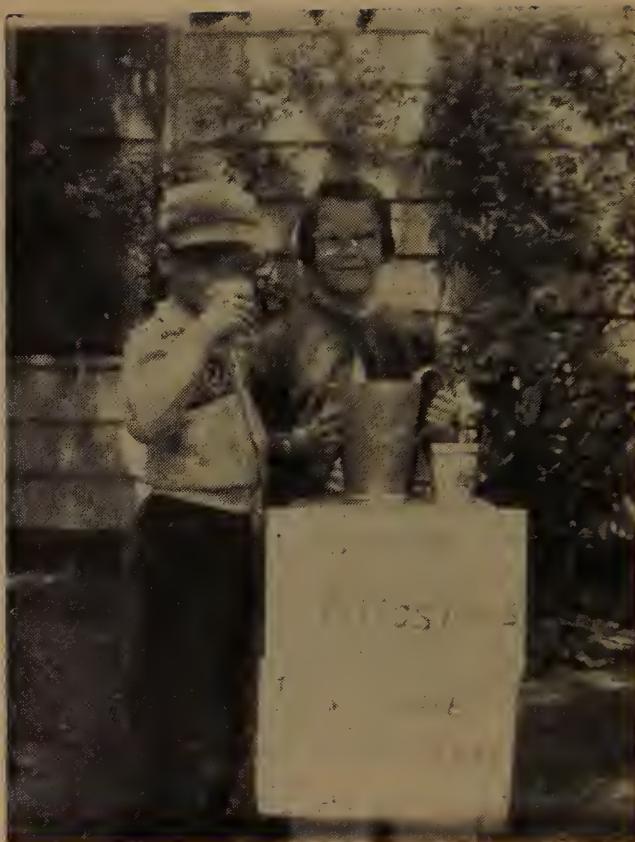
"Cool off, Susie," advised Maureen amiably. "You always go off like a skyrocket. Julie didn't mean to be fresh, or anything. She

was just asking, ‘So what?’ ” The others stirred a little, in silent protest of what they considered to be stretching charity a little.

Unperturbed by the silent protest, Maureen continued serenely. “It’s just about as Susie said, Julie. Our Lady is a good mother who’s right there to tell us about dangers long before we see them ourselves. Over 40 years ago, she warned us about Communism, when it was just taking over in Russia. She told us how to prevent its spread, and also what would happen to the world, if we did not do as she asked. Reparation and devotion to her Immaculate Heart, the Rosary, and through these the repentance of sinners—would be the downfall of Communism, if we used them. If not, she said, its errors would spread throughout the world, wipe out whole countries and make the good suffer greatly.

“Well, we didn’t do what she asked, and a lot of those things have already happened. I guess there still aren’t enough of us doing those things, now, 40 years later. Because if there were, Russia would have been converted by now. So that’s it—it’s not just some devotional fad, Julie. It’s just that the chips are down. Either we say the Rosary and make reparation to Our Lady’s Immaculate Heart, or we take the consequences.”

Juliette looked guiltily around the circle of faces. Her voice was small and chastened when she spoke. “Golly, Maureen, I didn’t know it was that important. I’m sure going to stop in after school and say the Rosary at the Blessed Mother’s altar every day!” Just then, Sister came in with the refreshments.



Sold Out- for Souls!

They are little, but they promoted big business at their lemonade stand, run for the sole benefit of the Parish Visitor Missions. The check they sent Mother General was evidence that they had put their best into making the venture a "sell-out" for God's neediest children.

If you'd like to help them, you won't have to buy lemonade! Just look over the items listed below, and pick out the one that most appeals to you.

• • •

There is the SACRED HEART DIME FUND, to TRAIN the hearts and hands of our Novices and young Sisters, so that they may take the Heart of Christ and His compassionate love to needy souls, through the works of mercy.

There is the MARY IMMACULATE DIME FUND, for the needs of the MOTHERHOUSE CHAPEL of Mary Immaculate. Here your offering will be a direct adoration of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, providing for needed linens, altar candles, sanctuary lamps, vessels especially a small ciborium for Infirmary use, and vestments, for the service of Jesus Eucharistic. The SAINT JOSEPH DIME FUND is for our hoped-for INFIRMARY WING, where our sick and aged Sisters, worn out in the service of Christ and of others, may receive the rest and care and treatment they need. Here the Sisters will lead lives of prayer for you and yours. Saint Joseph's Fund is for bricks for our Infirmary Wing. Or you may want to give your dimes to the HOLY FAMILY DIME FUND, the STRINGLESS GIFT for whatever needs are uppermost, just now. Just fill in and send the coupon below.

To the Parish Visitors, Box 535, Monroe, New York

Dear Sisters: I am enclosing \$....., representing my contribution to the Dime Fund marked below. Please enter my name as a member of your Dime-a-Day Club.

- Sacred Heart Dime Fund, for the Novitiate
- Mary Immaculate Dime Fund, for the Motherhouse Chapel
- St. Joseph Dime Fund for the Sisters' hoped-for Infirmary Wing
- Holy Family Dime Fund, for the stringless gift

Name

Street Address

City Zone State



IN HIS PROVIDENCE

By Sister Mary Emmanuel, P.V.M.I.

IT's Saturday morning as Sister starts out on her visitation. She turns in at the rickety steps of a five-story tenement, shifting the big shopping bag filled with packages of clothing, as she mounts the cluttered stairway, past windows dingy with the dirt of years. She walks purposefully toward the fifth floor rear apartment, and knocks.

There is a tiny, cheerful old woman, in a tiny cheerless little apartment. Sister gently pushes the huge cat off the only available chair and sits down, at her hostess' invitation. "I've brought you a nice warm robe," Sister tells her. "I knew you could use it." A few more kindly words, making sure that the woman is receiving Holy Communion as arranged, and Sister is on her way.

This time, her stop is the hall bedroom of a rundown rooming house,

for which a little family pay exorbitant rent. This time it's a modest layette for the new baby, and the assurance that she will be baptized Sunday. "Si, si, 'Manita, and Enrico and I, we go to Confession and Communion, too." The young mother swings Chico to her arms to wave Sister goodbye as she goes downstairs. Sister turns to smile at the two-year-old as she reached the bottom step, and Chico wriggles and gurgles delightedly. Sister will check on the Baptism, and the Confession, too, next week.

Swiftly, Sister is down the steps to the Chinese laundry in the basement, with the quiet, attractive family of the proprietor living in a single room in the rear. No, Mr. Wing will not allow Connie to be baptized, even though he wants her to attend instructions. There are tears in the young girl's almond eyes as she watches Sister out the doorway.

Children are emerging from the tenements now, munching the bread or crackers which they have picked up for their breakfast, and pulling frayed jackets about them. "Are you coming to my house, Sister?" "Sister, can I have a holy picture—and one for my brother?" "Sister, I went to Mass Sunday!" They are walking behind her, on her heels, walking backwards in front of her and on either side, arguing about carrying her bag and holding onto her hand.

In a barren basement apartment, she finds a just-arrived immigrant family with frightened eyes and very little food. She mentally sizes the children with a practiced eye, thinking of the used clothing that came in, last night. Those beautiful little nylon dresses will fit Mary or Carmen. . . . The jacket for Pedro. She makes a memo to tell Father about their need of St. Vincent de Paul help, until Daddy finds a job. Homesick, frightened, disappointed at the dingy dirtiness and indifference of the great new country (or this little corner of it), the mother responds little at first. She will blossom under Sister's interest and help, and soon another family will be on its way to happiness, to adjustment to new surroundings, to a new realization that God loves them and wants their love.

The morning flashes by, filled with contacts like this. The business couple who will need much more attention before their marriage is righted, the family where none of the children have been attending instructions, and that will have to be seen to, the one where the father took the pledge but needs constant checking and encouragement to keep up his good intentions. The love and confidence of these, her people, never fail to give Sister a new sense of unworthiness, a new joy in proving to them by her very life that God's Providence does watch over them, and that He has sent someone to help.

Children's Crusade



A West Haven, Connecticut Junior, dressed for a Mission Pageant, starts her Crusade with Saint Joseph.

Mariana looked up from her book, to remark to no one in particular, "Just imagine! A whole army of children marching off to the Holy Land, in the Children's Crusade!"

"You reading that history book again? I should think you'd get plenty of it in school!" Her big sister was not in a sympathetic mood. Her own homework had been hard tonight, and she'd had to miss her favorite Western, on T.V., on account of it.

Mariana was too interested in her subject to be stopped by an unsympathetic audience. "Sister at the Junior Associates' meeting yesterday said we could have a Children's Crusade, of our own, right now. That's why I looked it up in the Encyclopedia."

"Yeah? And march down Main Street, on the way to the Holy Land, huh?" jeered her sister.

"No. She didn't mean that kind of crusade. She meant a Crusade of Prayer. You know—Hail Marys or even Rosaries, every day. Sister said God and His Mother love children, and lots of times They give children messages for the whole world—like Bernadette at Lourdes and the children at Fatima and LaSalette.

"Sister said that the Blessed Mother would hear the prayers of children especially, and that we should pray real hard for peace and the conversion of sinners, and that if sinners were converted, Russia would be, too"

She paused and looked out at the dry leaves swirling around in the fast-coming darkness. "That's what I like about Sister. She makes you feel so *needed*, like you were real important to God and He cared about you, 'specially.

"Course, He does, only you don't think about how nice it is, until Sister makes you feel like He's trusting you and hoping you will do just what He wants."

She looked back at her sister, who was interested now, but didn't want to show it. "Anyway, I'm going to join the Children's Crusade and help Our Lady to convert Russia and bring peace. I'm going to say a Rosary every single day. Sister said that would make us more powerful than big armies and world leaders—so there!"



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